

THE
PRAISE
AND VERTVE

OF A
Fayle, and Faylers.

WITH
THE MOST EXCELLENT
Mysterie, and necessary vse of all
sorts of HANGING.

ALSO
A Touch at *Tyburne* for a Period,
and the Authors free leaue to let them
be hangd, who are offended at the
Booke without cause.

By JOHN TAYLOR.



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Co
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TO THE
SENSEABLE,

Reasonable, Affable, Amiable,

Acceptable, minded Honourable, in

Wit, Iudgement, and Vnderstanding Able,

Robert Rugge Gentleman, Reare Adelantado of

the HOLY ISLAND, the FAIRNE, and

the STAPLES, on the Coast of

NORTHUMBRIA.

Reader, you
note that this
gentleman did
me from
FARNE II
barrell of
and Corne
eggs, by the
king of wh
have attain
the vnderstan
of many
which our
and

Corne
doe speake
about LON



*No Hanging, Tapstrie, Quilt, or Co-
uerlet,*

*This dedication of my wit could get:
No Mattresse, Blanket, Sheet, or
Featherbed,*

Could haue these labours of my working head:

But (cold by Nature) from my Nurses Iugge,

My inclination still bath lou'd a Rugge:

The Epistle

e Fairn Iland
 ng 7. mile
 the Holy
 into the sea,
 Holy Iland
 feuen miles
 Barwicke.
 e Fairne all
 of Sea-fowle
 in such a
 nce, as yon
 t step but
 Egges or
 : They misle
 lay on Saint
 es day, and
 might after
 as there is
 to be seene.
 trape Ilands
 g to the
 e, and stand
 mile from it
 he sea, where
 wle upon the
 (like
 are so thicke
 upon the
 and upon the
 & with such
 itie build
 uests, as the
 man cannot
 hat egge in
 place againe
 is once taken
 o abide in the
 e place Vpon
 flight the sea
 covered for
 e a mile, and
 seauens aboue
 d obscured for
 present.
 her know offences nor punishments.

*Which makes my thankfull Muse thus bold to be,
 To consecrate this worthlesse worke to thee;
 Thou that within those happie Iles doest bide,
 Which Neptunes waues doe from our land diuide,
 Wherein the Holy Iland stands a Fort
 That can defend, and iniuries retort,
 That doth command a goodly Hauens nigh,
 Wherein a hundred Ships may safely lie:
 Thou in the ^a Farne and Staples bearest such sway,
 That all the dwellers there doe thee obey;
 Where Fowle are all thy faire inhabitants,
 Where thou (Commander of the Cormorants,)
 Grand Gouvernour of Guls, of Geese and Ganders,
 O're whom thou art none of the least Commanders,
 Whereas sometimes thou canst not stirre thy legs,
 Thou must tread on tributarie Eggs,
 For they like honest, true, plaine dealing folkes,
 Pay thee the Custome, their Whites and Yolkes,
 Which to thy friends oft times transported be,
 As late thou sentst a barrell full to me:
 And in requital to so good a friend,
 This Prisone, and this Hanging here I send.
 Because within the ^b Fairne and Staples too,
 The dwellers doe as they doe please to doe;*

^b There is but one house there, all the dwellers else being Sea-fowle, who will

Their

Dedicatorie.

*Their pride and lust, their stealing & their treason,
Is all imputed to their want of reason;
I therefore haue made bold to send thee this,
To shew them what a layle and Hanging is.
Thou hast from Hermes suck'd the Quintessence
Of quicke Inuention, and of Eloquence,
And thou so well doest loue good wittie Bookes,
That makes thee like Apollo in thy looks:
For Nature hath thy Visage so much grac'd,
That there's the Ensigne of true friendship plac'd.
A Chaulkie face, that's like a Pewter spoone,
Or Buttermilke, or Greene cheese, or the Moone,
Are either such as kill themselves with care,
Or hide-bound miserable wretches are.
Giue me the man whose colour and prospect,
Like Titan when it doth on Gold reflect,
And if his purse be equall to his will,
Hee'll then be frolicke, free, and iouiall still:
And such a one (my worthy friend) art thou,
To whom I dedicate this Pamphlet now;
And I implore the Heau'ns to proue so kinde,
To keepe thy state according to thy minde.*

Yours, with my best wishes,

JOHN TAYLOR.



THE VERTVE

of a IAYLE, and ne-
cessitie of Hanging.



Y free borne *Muse* of Bondage rudely
treats,

And strange vagaries in my Braine-pan
beats:

Whilst I vnmaske, vnuisor, or vnucile,
The vertues of a Iaylor, and a Iayle;
And then of Hanging, and the Hangmans Art
My lines doe end, and at the Gallowes part.

First I doe finde, in Histories enrold,

Iayles for antiquity, are very old:

For *Ioseph* was in *Prison*, (false accus'd,

That he his Masters Wife would haue abus'd.)

And all the world doth vnderstand, a *Prison*

Is not an vpstart Fable, newly risen.

And *Jeremie*, was vnder bolts and locks,

By

The vertue of a Fayle, and

1er. 22. 2. By *Passur* once imprison'd in the ^a stocks :
Chap. 32. And after that he twice was put in ^b Thrall,
bap. 37. For true foretelling *Israel*, *Judah's* fall.
The Sacred Histories doe well declare,
That *Prisons* for their time most ancient are.
Yet though my lines doe speake of *Iayles*, I see
That mine inuention and my Muse is free :
And I doe finde the name of *Prisone*, frames
Significant Alluding Anagrams.

Asthus.

I. PRISONE.

Anagramma.

NIP SORE.

12. Ana-
grammes
of Iayles,
Iaylors &
Sericans.

THere men are Nip'd with mischiefs manifold,
With losse of freedome, hunger, thirst, & cold
With Mourning shirts, and sheetes, & lice some store;
And thus a *Prison* truly doth Nip sore.

2. PRISONE.

Anagramma.

IN ROPES.

A Gaine the very word portends small hopes,
For he that's in a *Prisone* is *In Ropes*.

3. PRI-

Necessitie of Hanging.

3. PRISONE.

Anagramma.

IN PROSE.

TO all good verses Prisons are great foes,
And many Poets they keepe fast *In Prose.*

4. PRISONE.

Anagramma.

NO PRISE.

INdeed it is no profit, or *No Priſe*,
But woefull purchase of calamities.
The name of Iayles (by letters transposition)
Doth very well discover their condition.

5. IAYLES.

Anagramma.

I SLAYE.

ANd well it doth besit it every way,
The Nature of all Iayles is still to slay:
There are men slaine most strange tormenting waies,
In name, fame, state, and life, with long delaies.

5. BON-

The vertue of a Fayle, and

6. BONDAGE.

Anagramma.

BANDOGGE.

ANd *Bondage* like a *Bandogge* still doth gnaw,
Fangd with the tushes of the byting law.

7. IAYLER.

Anagramma.

IRAYLE.

THis doth besit the *Iayler* wondrous trimme,
Heat the prisoners railes, and they at him.

8. ARESTING.

Anagramma.

A STINGER.

A *Resting* very well with this agrees,
It is *A Stinger* worse than *Wasps* or *Bees*.

OR,

9. ARESTING.

Anagramma.

IN GRATES.

THis very word includes poore prisoners fates,
Aresting briefly claps em vp *In Grates*.

10. SER-

Necessity of Hanging.

10. SERIEANT.

Anagramma.

IN ARESTE.

TO turne this word vnto the very best,
A *Serieant In Areste* doth breed vnrest.

OR,

11. SERIEANT.

Anagramma.

IN TEARES.

IN cares and *Teares* he leaues men to lament,
When Credit, Coine, and goods, and all is spent.

12. WARDES.

Anagramma.

DRAVVES.

A Prisoners purse is like a Nurse, for why
His Ward or lodging drawes or sucks it dry:
A Iury here of Anagramms you see,
Of Serieants and of lailes empanneld be,
And now my pen intends to walke a station,
And talke of Prisons in some other fashion.
That lailes should be, there is Law, sense and reason,
To punish Bawdry, Cheating, Theft and Treason,
Though

The vertue of a Fayle, and

Though some against them haue inuectiue bin,
And cal'd a Iaile a magazin of sin,
An Vniuersity of Villany,
An Academy of foule blasphemy,
A sinke of drunkennesse, a den of Theeues,
A Treasury for Serieants and for Shreeues,
A Mint for Baylives, Marshalls men and Iailors,
Who liue by losses of captiu'd bewailers:
A Nurse of Roguery, and an earthly hell,
Where Devils or Iaylers in mens shapes doe dwell:
But I am quite contrary to all this,
I thinke a Iaile a Schoole of vertue is,
A house of study and of contemplation,
A place of discipline and reformation,
There men may try their patience, and shall know,
If they haue any friends aliue or no:
There they shall proue if they haue fortitude,
By which all crosses stoutly are subdu'd,
A Prison leades the Creditor vnto
His cozning debter, that would him vndo,
Tis Physicke that preserues a common wealth,
Foule Treasons snaffle and the curbe of stealth,
The whip of hellish pride, the scourge of lust,
The good mans helpe in plaguing the vniust.
Were Theeues and Villaines not in prison put,
A world of Throats (past number) would be cut:
For when diseases are growne desperate, then
They must haue desperate Remedies, and when
Men mend not for Reproose, or Admonition,
A Iaile then is the Surgion or Physician.

The

Necessitie of Hanging.

The roaring Knaue, that like a Horse or Mule,
His parents, master, or no friends could rule,
But that he daily would be drunke and sweare,
And like a demy-deuill domineere,
Thogh to good course he neuer meant to bend him,
A prison at the last will mend or end him.

*Extellent
reformation*

The deeds of darknesse that doe hate the light,
Fraies, brawls & bloudshed which start out by night:
The watch like cunning Fowlers lie in wait, (strait,
And catch these Woodcocks in their Sprindges
These Birds are in the laile mew'd vp from riot,
Where they may learne more manners and be quiet.

A Iail's a glasse wherein old men may see,
The blemish of their youths deformity;
And young men quickly may perceiue from thence,
The way to wisdom and experience.

And though the lights of prisons are but dim,
A prisoners candle yet may shew to him
At midnight, without light of Sunne or Moone,
More than he euer could perceiue at noone;

It shewes the fleeting state of earthly pelfe,
It makes him wisely learne to know himselfe,
The world vnto his view it represents,

To be a Map or masse of discontents,
It shewes his fained friends like Butter-flies,
That dogg'd his summer of prosperities:

And in a word it truly doth set forth

The world, and all that's in it nothing worth.

These things vnto a wisemans iudgement brings,
A hate to earth, and loue to heavenly things.

T'a

The vertue of a Faile, and

T'a wiseman nothing in a laile doth bide,
But it to some good vse may be applide:
He heares a Ruffin sweare, and so doth heare
That he doth stand in feare, and hate to sweare,
He spies another drunke, and so doth spy
That such vnmanly beastlinelle heele fly.
He notes the curtall Cans halfe fild with froth,
Tobacco-piping hot, and from them both
His iudgement doth discern, with wisdomes eie,
The world is vapour, froth, and vanity.
His homely Bed and Vermines sundry formes,
Doth make him mind his graue, & crawling worms;
The Spiders Cobweb, Lawne, or Tapestry,
Shewes odds twixt Idlenesse and Industry.
The Churlish Keepers, ratling chaines and fetters,
The Hole or Dungeon for condemned debtors,
Blaspheming wretches of all grace bereauen,
Doth make him thinke on hell and wish for heauen.
And thus though wise mens corps in prison be,
Their minds are still at liberty and free.
Besides Experience daily teacheth this,
The Soule a Prisoner in the Body is:
Our Reason should the Keeper be to guide,
The Heart doth lodge within the Masters side,
The Braines the Knights Ward may be termed fit,
There lies the Vnderstanding and the Wit:
The Dungeons where the Prisoners starue and die,
Is in the Brest where sad despaire doth lie.
Our Sinnes the Manacles, and Bolts and Gins,
Which fetter vs in bondage all our liues:

Sad

There are
too few that
make this
good vse of
imprison-
ment.

Necessitie of Hanging.

Sad melancholy sorrow, grieve and care,
Continuall waiters in those Prisons are,
Our partiall selfe-loue all our crimes excusing,
Our Consciences true euidence accusing,
Our sighs and teares the Messengers we send
To God, that all our sorrowes may haue end,
And then through faith and hope we doe beleue,
To gaine a pardon better than reprecue,
Then lastly death doth free the soule from thrall,
And makes a laile deliuey vnto all.

Thus is our flesh the walls, our bones the grates,
Our eies the windowes, and our mouthes the gates,
The Nose the Chimny, Kitchen is the brest,
Our tongue the taster of the worst and best,
Our hands the Caruers, reeth the Cookes to mince,
The diet of a Peasant or a Prince;
Our hunger is best sawce, as I doe thinke,
Our bellies sellers where we lay our drinke:
And in these corps of ours deciphered thus,
Our soules are prisoners vnto all of vs.

Or stomac

As grace guides vs, so we by grace guide them,
The way vnto the new *Ierusalem*.

Sterne rugged winter, with frosts, stormes and gusts,
Close prisoners yeerely in the earth it thrusts,
Herbs, roots, flowers, fruits, & wormstil sun & raine
With Summers heat doth baile them forth againe.

*The earth
Prison.*

But of all men aliue, I find a Tailor
Is an approued artificiall Iailor:

*A strait
is a Tailor
Prison.*

Some doe commit themselues vnto his charge,
And may but will by no meanes goe at large.

The vertue of a Tayle, and

I haue seene many in the Taylors Iailes,
Haue labour'd till they sweat with tooth and nailes,
(The whilst a man might ride fīue miles at least)
To get their clothes together on the brest,
And being then in prison button'd vp,
So close that scarcely they could bite or sup,
Yet I haue heard their pride how loud it lide,
Protesting that their clothes were made too wide :
These men loue bondage more then liberty,
And 'tis a gallant kinde of foolery,
When thus amongst themselues they haue a Law,
To decke and dawbe the backe, and pinch the Maw.
Me thinkes their soules should be in mighty trouble,
Poore *Animals*, they are imprison'd double;
In Corps and Clothes, and which is true and plain,
They seeme to take great pleasure in their paine.

*Shooma-
rs Prison.*

A Shoomaker's a kind of Iailor too,
And very strange exploits he dares to doe :
For many times he hath the power and might,
To clap into his *Stocks* a *Lord* or *Knight*,
The Madam and the Maid he cares not whether,
He laies them all fast by the heeles in lether.

*with and
nefty pri-
sers.*

Plaine *Honesty* and *Truth*, both Prisoners are,
Although they seldome come vnto the barre,
Yet are they kept so closely day and night,
That in an age they scarcely come in sight.
And but for many of our Countries pillers,
True Tailers, Weauers, and cleane finger'd Millers,
Good Sericants and kind Brokers did relecue them,

hard case. I know not who would any comfort giue them.

No

Necessitie of Hanging.

No doubt but many a Lasse that faine would wed,
Is her owne Iailor to her maidenhead,
With much vnwillingnesse she keepes it close,
And with her heart shee le gladly let it lose.
But looke to't wenches, if you giue it scope,
'Tis gone past all recouery, past all hope,
Much like old *Time* which ceaselesse doth run on,
But neuer doth returne once being gone.
The Gowt's a sawcy Prisoner, and will haue
His keepers to maintaine him fine and braue;
His Iailors shall no needy beggers bee,
But men of honour and of high degree,
And ouer them he beares such great command,
That many times they can nor goe nor stand;
And if he would breake Iaile and flie, 'tis thought,
He by his keepers neuer should be sought.
And mony is close Prisoner I thinke sure,
Where no man can its liberty procure:
The Deuils Stewards and his Bailifes vow,
That monies freedome they will not allow,
Vnlesse vnto a Miser or a Whore,
But by all meanes fast hold it from the poore.
I wish Coine were as painfull as the Gout,
To those that hoard it; and I make no doubt
But miserable Iailers would agree
To ope their Prisons, and let money flee.
And were it not a lamentable thing,
That some great Emperour or some mighty King
Should be imprison'd by a vassall slaue,
And lodg'd aliue (as 'twere within his Graue.)

*A maide
head of
times is
Prisoner*

*The G.
Prison
State.*

*Money
close P.
ner.*

Amen.

The vertue of a Tayle, and

Such is the case of Siluer and of Gold,
The chiefeft of all mettals fast in hold,
And darkneffe lies held in the Mifers stocks,
In Steele and yron bars, and bolts and locks.

Id and
or kept in
dage by

Though gold and siluer royall mettals be,
Yet are they slaves to yron as we see.

But leauing Gold and Gowr, He turne my pen,
To what I haue digrest from layles and men :

Let man examine well himselfe, and he

men
their
ene-

Shall find himselfe his greatest enemy ;

And that his losse of liberty and pelfe,

He can accuse none for it, but himselfe ;

How passions, actions, and affections cluster,

And how to ruinate his state they muster,

His frailty armes his members and his senses,

To vndertake most dangerous pretences.

The backe oft tempts him vnto borrowed brauery,

And all his body suffers for't in slavery ;

His *Belly* tempts him to superfluous fare,

For which his corps lies in a laylor's snare ;

His *Eyes* from beauty to his heart drawes lust,

For which he's often into prison thrust,

His *Eares* giue credit to a knaue or theefe,

And's body suffers for his eares beleefe.

His *Tongue* much like a Hackney goes all paces,

In City, Country, Court and Campe, all places,

It gallops and false gallops, trots and ambles,

One pace or other still it runnes and rambles ;

Of Kings and Princes states it often prattles,

Of Church and Common-wealth it idly rattles,

Of

Necessitie of Hanging.

Of passing of it's word and suretiships,
For which at last the *Iayle* the Carkasse nips.
Mans *Hands* haue very oft against him warr'd,
And made him of his liberty debarr'd:
A stab, a blow, a dashing of a pen,
Hath clap'd him closely in the Iaylors den.
The *Feet* which on the ground men daily tread,
The way to their captivity doe lead.
Now for the inward faculties, I find
Some lie in *Prison* for their haughty mind,
Some for their folly, some because too wise,
Are mew'd vp in the Iaylors custodies;
Some for much gaming or for recreation,
Doe make a Iayle their homely habitation;
And thus it plainly may be proued well,
Mans greatest foes within himselfe doe dwell.
And now two contraries I will compare,
To shew how like and how vnlike they are:
A Iayle, our birth, our death, and setting free,
These foure doe all agree and disagree;
For all degrees, our birth and life we know
Is naturall, one way, for high and low:
But death hath many thousand waies and snares,
To take our liues away all vnawares.
And therefore of our liues it is no doubt,
That ther's but one way in and many out,
But to a *Iayle* there's many waies to win,
Ten thousand tricks and sleights to clap men in:
And ther's but one way out as I doe know,
Which is by satisfying what we owe.

We are all
borne in
forme, and
come into
world of
fashion,
we die and
leave the
world in
nite waste

The vertue of a Fayle, and

Owest thou the law thy life, dispatch and pay,
And from the Prison thou art freed away :
Dost thou owe mony, quickly pay thy score,
And farewell, goe thy waies man, ther's the dore.
As men in all that's ill, are Satans Apes,
So sundry sinnes bring death in sundry shapes;
Life from the *God* of life, which is but one,
To all degrees one way giues life alone.
And so our seuerall frailties, seuerall waies
Our wretched Carkasses in prison laies,
But ther's but one way out that e're I saw,
Which is by satisfying of the law.

The faults we doe in spring-time of our youth,
In Summer of our man-hood gather growth :
Then Haruests middle age doth make them ripe,
Which winters old age doth in prison gripe ;
And thus the very seasons of the yeare,
Fit emblemes of our thraldome doe appeare.

be To- In *London* and within a mile, I weene,
There are of Iayles or Prisons full eighteene,
And sixty Whipping-posts, and Stocks and Cages,
Where sin with shame and sorrow hath due wages.

des Pole- For though the Tower be a Castle Royall,
s, Parti- Yet ther's a Prison in't for men disloyall :
s, Hal- Though for defence a Campe may there be fitted,
s, laue- Yet for offence, men thither are committed.

s, Battle- It is a house of fame, and there is in't
s, Cros- A Palace for a Prince, a Royall Mint, (Bowes,
ves, halfe Great Ordnance, Powder, Shot, Match, Bills and
es, Pistols
d Petro- Shafts, swords, pikes, lances, shouels, mattocks, crows,
s, Bright

Necessitie of Hanging.

Bright armor, muskets, ready still I say,
To arme one hundred thousand in a day.
And last it is a *Prison* vnto those
That doe their Soueraigne or his lawes oppose.
The Gatehouse for a prison was ordain'd,
When in this land the third king *Edward* reign'd:
Good lodging roomes, and diet it affords,
But I had rather lie at home on boords.
Since *Richards* reigne the first, the Fleet hath beene
A *Prison*, as vpon records is seene,
For lodgings and for bowling, there's large space,
But yet I haue no stomacke to the place.
Old *Newgate* I perceiue a theeuish den,
But yet there's lodging for good honest men.
When second *Henry* heere the Scepter swaid,
Then the foundation of that gate was laid.
But sixty six yeeres ere our Sauours birth,
By *Lud* was *Ludgate* founded from the earth,
No Iayle for theeues, though some perhaps as bad,
That breake in policie, may there be had.
The *Counter* in the Powltry is so old,
That it in History is not enrold.
And *Woodstreet* *Counters* age we may deriue,
Since Anno fiftene hundred fifty foue.
For me the one's too old, and one's too new,
And as they bake a Gods name let them brew.
Bridewell vnto my memorie comes next;
Where idlenesse and lechery is vex:
This is a royall house, of state and port, (Court.
Which th'eight king *Henry* built, and there kept

2. The
house.

3. The
Fleet.

4. New

5. Lud

6. Pea
Coun

7. Wo
street.

8. Bri

The vertue of a Fayle, and

King Edward somewhat ere his timelesse fall,
Gave it away to be an Hospirall,
Which vs the city puts it well ynto,
And many pious deeds they there doe doe:
But yet for Vagabonds and Runnagates,
For Whores, and idle knaues, and such like mates,
'Tis littell better than a Iayle to those, (blowes.
Where they chop chalke, for meat and drinke and
In this house those that 'gainst their wills doedwell,
Loue well a Bride (perhaps) but not Bridewell.

White Five Iayles or Prilons are in Southwarke plac'd,
The Counter (once *S. Margrets Church* defac'd)
The *Marshalsea*, the *Kings Bench* and *White Lion*,
Where some like *Tantalus*, or like *Ixion*,
The pinching paine of hunger daily feele,
Turn'd vp and downe with fickle Fortunes wheele :
And some doe willingly make there abode,
Because they cannot lue so well abroad. (be,
Then ther's the *Clinke*, where handsome lodgings

the hole And much good may it doe them all, for mee.
Kathe- Crosse but the *Thames* vnto *S. Katherins* then,
There is another hole or den for men.
East Another in *East-Smithfield* little better,
ibfield Will serue to hold a theefe or paltry debter.
m. Then neere three *Craues* a Iayle for *Hereticks*,
New For *Brownists*, *Familists*, and *Schismaticks*. (stands,
on. Lord *Wentworths* Iayle within *White Chappell*
The And *Finsbury*, God bleſſe me from their hands.
I Went- These eighteene Iayles so neere the *City* bounded,
hs. Are founded and maintain'd by men confounded:
Fins-

As

Necessitie of Hanging.

As one mans meat may be anothers bane,
The keepers full, springs from the prisners wane:
This hath beene still the vse, and euer will,
That one mans welfare, comes from others ill.
But (as I said) mans selfe is cause of all
The miseries that to him can befall.
Note but our corps, how euery member lies,
Their seuerall offices, and faculties:
And our owne iudgement will informe vs than,
The likenesse 'twixt a prison and a man:
For as man hath his limbs and linaments,
His sinewes, muscles, nerues, and ligaments:
His Panicles, his Arteries, his Veines,
His ioynts, his membranes, and his beating braines:
So hath a Iayle, Writs, Warrants, and Attachements, *were it*
Arestings, Actions, Hues, Cries, & Appeachments: *for these*
With Garnish, Sharing fees, and *Habeas Corpus*, *Iayle would*
(Which feedes some Iaylors fatter than a *Porpus*) *haue neither*
And last for euerlasting Executions, *life nor joy*
Vntill the prisoners bodies dissolutions;
And if a man be hurt in legge or arme,
Or head, or heele, tis said the man hath harme:
If inward grieve doe pinch in any part,
The anguish is a terror to the heart,
And should a Iayle want these things nam'd before,
It quickly would be miserable poore:
Like men dismembred or of sense bereft,
With scarcely any life or being left.
For in mans corps (like prisners) alwaies lies
His vertues, and his foule iniquities.

And

The vertue of a Fayle, and

And which of these his fancy liketh best,
Shall still be kept in bondage, or releast.

As Wisdome, Bounty, and Humanity.

(Despised in these daies of vanitie)

Some keepe so close, not suffering them to walke,
So much as in bare thoughts, or deeds, or talke ;

Whilst *Folly*, and close fistd *Niggardize*,

With *Barbarisme*, haue ease and liberties.

Faith, *Hope*, and *Charitie*, are pent vp close,

And *doubt*, *despaire*, and *cruelty* let loose.

Last reuels it, rich clad in Robes of *Pride* :

Friendship, and *Loue*, are liberty denide.

Whereby the liberall Arts in number seuen,

Are of their liberall liberties bereauen,

The whilst the seuen delightfull deadly *sinnes*

The game and glory, of the whole world winnes.

The *Cardnall vertues*, at vnworthy prices,

Are made but vassals to all *Carnall vices*.

The *Muses* are mew'd vp, with woes and wants,

Whilst fortune followes knaues, and Ignorants ;

And thus within mans little Common-weale,

He like a partiall Iaylor oft doth deale :

Permits his *goodnesse* neuer to appeare,

And lets his *badnesse* ramble any where.

So Rorers, rascals, Banquerouts politicke,

With mony, or with friends will finde a tricke

Their Iaylor to corrupt, and at their will

They walke abroad, and take their pleasure still :

Whilst naked vertue, beggerly, despis'd,

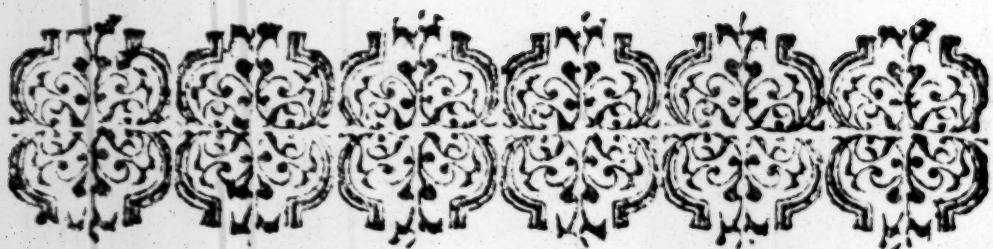
Beleaguer'd round, with miseries surpris'd,

Of

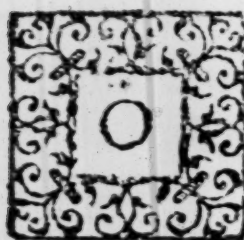
Necessitie of Hanging.

Of hope of any liberty defeated,
For passing of his word is meere cheate:
And dungeond vp, may tell the walls his mones,
And make relation to the senselesse stones, (feast,
Where sighes and groanes, and teares may be his
Whil'st man to man, is worse than beast to beast.
Till death he there must make his sad abode,
Whil'st craft and couzenage walke at will abroad.
Thus these comparisons doe well agree,
Man to a layle may fitly likened bee: (speed
The thought whereof may make him wish with
To haue his prisoned soule releast and freed.
Thus layles and meditations of a layle,
May serue a Christian for his great auaille.
But now my *Muse*, thus long in bondage pent,
Beginnes to thinke of her infranchizement:
And hauing of a Prison spoke her part,
She mounts vnto the Hangman and his Art.

THE



THE NECESSITIE of Hanging.



F Hangings there's diuersity of fashions,
Almost as many as are sundry Nations.
For in the world al things so *hanged* are,
That any thing *unhang'd* is strange and
rare.

Earth hangs in the concauity of *Water*,
And *Water hangs* within the *Ayerie* matter,
The *Ayre hangs* in the *Fierie* continent:
Thus Element doth *hang* in Element,
(Without foundation) all the Massie Globe
Hangs, which the skies encompasse like a Robe.
Simile. For as an * egge, the yolke within the white,
The white within the skinne's enuellop'd quite,
The skin within the shell doth outmost lie:
Eu'n so these Elements *hang* midst the skie.
First all the world where mortals liue, we see
Within the Orbe of *Luna Hanged* be;
Abouche *Mercurie* his course doth steere,
And next aboue him is bright *Venus* Sphere.
And in the fourth, and middle firmament,
Sol keepes his hot and fiery Regiment.

Next

Necessitie of Hanging.

Next about that runnes *Mars*, that starre of warre,
Beyond him *Iupiter*, that Iouiall starre,
Then last is fullen *Saturnes* ample bounds,
Who once in thirty yeeres the world surrounds;
This earthly Globe (for which men fight and braule)
Compar'd to Heauen, is like an Attom small,
Or as a Needles point compar'd to it,
So it to *Heauen* may be compared fit;
And it doth *Hang*, and hath its residence
I'th centre of the skies circumference.
Thus to proue *Hanging* naturall, I proue,
We in a *Hanging* world doe liue and moue.
Man is a little world, wherein we see,
The great worlds abstract or epitomic,
And if we note each linament and lim,
There are not many parts vnhang'd of him,
His haire which to his head and beard belongs,
Hangs, if not turn'd vp with the Barberstongs,
His armes, his hands, his legges and feet we know,
Doe all hang pendant downewards as they grow,
Ther's nothing of him that doth hanging skip,
Except his eares, his nether teeth and lip,
And when he's crost or fullen any way,
He mumps, and lowres, and *Hangs* the *Lip*, they say:
That I a wise mans sayings must approue,
Man is a tree, whose root doth grow about
Within his brains, whose sprigs & branches round,
From head to foot grow downward to the ground.
Thus world to world, and man to man doth call,
And tels him *Hanging* is most naturall:

*All the
world is in
comparison
for greatnes
to the Hea-
uens as a
bandworme
or a Nit may
be compared
to the world.
We liue in a
Hanging
world.*

The

The vertue of a Fayle, and

The word *Dependant* doth informe our reason,
That *Hanging* will be neuer out of season.

All that *depends* doth *hang*, which doth expresse,

Rich men

That Great men are like lybbets for the lesse.

are poore

It is an old phrased, many yeeres past gone,

mens Gal-

That such a Lord hath many *hangers* on ;

lowes.

Thereby describing, that all mens Attendants

All Depen-

As it were hangers on, were cald Dependants :

dants are

Hangers on.

And sure of all men, they are best indeed,

Who haue most *hangers* on to cloath and feed ;

For he that hath the meanes, and not the grace,

To helpe the needie, is a Miser base.

Hee's no good Steward, but a hatefull Theefe,

That keepes from good *Dependants* their releefe :

And of all Theeues, he *hanging* doth deserue,

* Thats a

Who * hath the power to feed, and lets men sterue.

Rogue.

To end this point, this consequence I'll grant,

He that hath wealth, no *Hangers* on can want ;

For since the time that mankinde first began,

It is a destinie ordain'd to man,

The meane vpon the mightie should depend,

And all vpon the *Mightiest* should attend.

Thusthrough all ages, Countries and dominions,

We each on other *hang* like Ropes of Onions.

Some wealthie slaues, whose consciences condem,

Will *hang* themselues, lest others hang on them ;

And some spend all on *Hangers* on so fast,

That they are forc'd to steale, and hang at last.

If they from these *Extremes* themselues could wean,

There is betwixt them both a *Golden meane*,

Which

Necessitie of Hanging.

Which would direct their superfluities,
They would not *hang* themselves for niggardize,
Nor wastfully or prodigally spend,
Till want bring them to *hanging* in the end,
And they and many others, by their purse,
Might scape that hanging which is cald a curse.
There's many a * Gallant, made of foole and teather, * *Thats on*
Of Gold and Veluet, Silke and Spanish leather, *Asse.*
Whose ragged Hangers on haue mou'd my minde,
To see pride goe before, and shame behinde,
With scarce a button, or an Elboe whole,
A breech, or any shooe that's worth a sole:
Those are like Golden Iybbets, and their Traines
Are like poore tatterd Theeues hang'd vp in chains.
He that doth suffer Whores, or Theeues, or Knaues,
Base flattering Villaines, or such kinde of slaues,
To *hang* vpon him, and knowes what they are,
That man vnto a Gallowse I compare.
That Vintner I account no friend of mine,
Who for good money, drawes me scurvie wine,
And by the rule of Conscience (not of Law)
That he is fitter made to *hang*, than *draw*.
The Lawyer that at length doth spin mens causes,
With false delayes, and dilatorie clausfes,
Who makes a trade to broach and draw contention,
For him a *hanging* were a good preuention.
But holla, Muse come backe, you beare my Rime
To *hanging* in good earnest ere the time.
There are a many sorts of *hangings* yet
Behinde, which I by no meanes must forget:
One

The vertue of a Fayle, and

A Swing or
stretch for
exercise and
health.

One hanging is a necessary thing,
Which is a pretty Gamboll, cald a Swing,
And men of good repute I oft haue seene
To hang, and stretch, and totter, for the spleene,
This hanging is a militarie course,
Not by the Law, but strength of armes, and force :
Thus euery morning for a little spurt,
A man may hang himselfe, and doe no hurt.
This hanging oft (like Tyburne) hath a tricke,
Saues charge of physicke, or of being sicke.
Besides the word *Hang* is so much in vse,
That few or none will tak't as an abuse ;
It doth a great mans kindnesse much approue,
When he shall bid a man *Be hang'd* in loue ;
And with some men 'tis common courtesie,
To say, *Farewell, be hangd, that's twice God bwy.*
The pictures of the dearest friends we haue,
Although their corps are rotten in the graue,
We hang them for a reuerend memorie,
To vs and vnto our posteritie.
Some hang their wiues in picture, which haue cause
To hang their persons, wer't not for the lawes :
Some hang their heires in picture, who would faine
Wish their good fathers hang'd, their lands to gaine.
I oft haue seene good garments for mens wearing,
Haue very thriftily beene hang'd to airing,
And I haue seen those garments (like good fellows)
Hang kindly with their master at the Gallowse,
And then into the Hangmans Wardrobe drop,
Haue beene againe hang'd in a Broakers shop,
Which

Necessitie of Hanging.

Which after by a Carpurse bought might be,
 And make another iourney to the Tree,
 Twixt which, and twixt the Broaker, it might goe
 Or ride, some twelue or thirteene times, or more.
 Thus th' hangmans harnett, and the Brokers grow,
 They reape the crop, which sin and shame doth sow,
 There are rich *Hangings* made of Tapettrie,
 Of Arras, and of braue embroderie,
 Those are for Princes, and for men of worth,
 To adorne their Roomes, and set their greatnes forth.
 But as dead bones in painted Tombes doe bide,
 These *Hangings*, filchy rotten walls doe hide.
 A Harts horne to a post fast nailed on,
 Serues well for men to Hang their hats vpon:
 But if they knew their heads would serue the turne,
 They would not shifte their hats from horn to horn.
 Mens swords in *Hangers* Hang, fast by their side,
 Their Stirrops Hang, when as they vsb to ride:
 Our Conies and our Deere, are Hang'd in coiles,
 Our meat hangs o'te the fire when as it boiles.
 Our light *Hangs* in the Lanthorne, all men sees
 Our fruit we eat was hang'd vpon the trees, (dwels,
 Signes hang on posts shew where as tradesmen
 In steeples all men know are Hang'd the Bels,
 The scales or ballance hangs wherethings are weigh'd,
 Goods Hang'd in *Cranes*, that's in or out conueid;
 Yards, sailes, shears, racks, lists, caskers, bolins, braces,
 Are fitly hang'd in their conuenient places.
 The compasse that directis where windes doe blow,
 Is Hang'd vpon the Needles point we know:
 If all traitors, Hypocrites, flatterers, extortioners, oppressors, Bribetakers, Cheaters, Panders, Bawds, &c. were hang'd up in the woods on several Trees, there is no Arras, or Tapestry can grace and adorne a Princes Court as those Hangings could become a Common-wealth.

The vertue of a Fayle, and

In stately buildings, Timber, Lead and Stone,
Are *Hang'd* and hoist, or Buildings would be none.
Our Maps wherein the world described be,
Are all *Hang'd* vp against the walls we see:
Our Cazements *Hang* as they doe ope and shut,
Our Curtaines *Hang*, which 'bout our beds we put,
Our Hogs are *Hang'd*, else Bacon we might looke,
Doores *Hang* on Hinges, or I am mistooke,
And many a trusty Padlocke *Hangs* no doubt,
To let in honest men and keepe Knaues out.
Sea Cabins *Hang*, where poore men sleepe & rest,
Our Clokes *Hang* on our backs 'tis manifest;
The Viall, Citterne, the Bandore and Lute,
Are cas'd or yncas'd, all *Hang'd* vp and mute,
Our Linnen (being wash'd) must *Hang* to dry,
Or else Lice will *Hang* on and multiply:
Thus *Hanging's* beneficiall to all States,
Whilst Gods dread curse *Hangs* o're the reprobates.
And as for those that take my Lines amis,
And will be pleas'd to be displeas'd with this,
For groats a peece, nay lesse, for three pence either,
I'll giue them all leaue to to be *Hang'd* together;
Since *Hanging* then is prou'd so naturall,
So beneficiall, so generall,
So apt, so necessary, and so fit,
Our reason tels vs we should honour it.
It is a good mans life, and 'tis their death,
That rob and rife men of goods and breath:
This kind of *Hanging* all offences ends,
From which God euer blesse me and my friends.

ere is an
my of
angings.

But
Tha

Necessitie of Hanging.

I from the *Hangman* this conclusion draw,
He is the fatall period of the Law:
If theeves or traytours into mischief runne,
If he haue done with them, then they haue done.
'Tis often scene that many haplesse men
Haue beene condemn'd and Iudg'd, reprieu'd agen
And pardon'd, haue committed new transgressions,
And in againe oft many a Size and Sessions:
When many warnings mend them not therefore
The Hangman warnes them, they offend no more.
Hee's the Catastrophe and Epilogue
Of many of the desperat Catalogue;
And he is one that cannot wanted be,
But still God keepe him farre enough from me.



THE DESCRIPTION of *Tyburne.*

I Haue heard sundry men oft times dispute
Of trees that in one yeere will twice
beare fruit.

But if a man note Tyburne, 'twill appeare,
That that's a tree that beares twelue times a yeere.

The vertue of a Fayle, and

I Mufe it should so fruitfull be, for why
I vnderstand the root of it is drie,
It beares no leafe, no blomme, or no bud,
The raine that makes it fructifie is bloud.
I further note the fruit which it produces,
Doth feldome ferue for profitable vfes :
Except the skilfull Surgions industry,
Doe make Defection or Anatomy.
It blommeth, buds, and beares, all three together,
And in one houre, doth liue, and die, and wither.
Like Sodome Apples, they are in conceit,
For touch'd they turne to dust and ashes streight.
Besides I finde this Tree hath neuer bin
Like other fruit trees, wall'd or hedged in,
But in the high way standing many a yeere,
It neuer yet was rob'd, as I could heare.
The reason is apparent to our eyes,
That what it beares are dead commodities:
And yet sometimes (such grace to it is giuen)
The dying fruit is well prepar'd for heauen,
And many times a man may gather thence
Remorse, deuotion, and true penitence.
And from that Tree, I thinke more foules ascend
To that Celestiall ioy, which ne're shall end :
I say more foules from thence to heauen doe come,
Than from all * Churchyards throughout christen
The reason is, the bodies all are dead, (dome
And all the foules to ioy or woe are fled.
Perhaps a weeke, a day, or two, or three,
Before they in the Churchyards buried bee.

Except Pauls
churchyard and
sint Gregories,
there many in-
habitants are
well as Dra-
gers, Stationers,
imply Trick &
regall Blacke
bottle makers,
who now & then
doe die there;
whom I doe ve-
rily beleue haue
soules. Also I ex-
cept the Close at
Salisbury, with
all Cathedrall
Churchyards, and
others, where any
body dwells, if it
be but a Sumner,
or a Sexton.

Bu

Necessitie of Hanging.

But at this Tree, in twinkling of an eye,
The soule and body part immediatly,
There death the fatall parting blow doth strike,
And in Churchyards is seldome scene the like.
Besides, they are assisted with the almes
Of peoples charitable Praiers, and *Psalmes*,
Which are the wings that lift the houreing spirit,
By faith, through grace, true glory to inherit.
Concerning this dead fruit, I noted it,
In stead of pae'ce it's put into a pit,
And laid vp carefully in any place,
Yet *worme-eaten* it growes in little space,
My vnderstanding can by no meanes frame
To giue this Tyburne fruit a fitter name,
Than *Medlers*, for I finde that great and small
(To my capacitie) are *Medlers* all.
Some say they are *Choak'd peares*, and some againe
Doe call them *Hartie Choakes*; but 'tis most plaine,
It is a kinde of *Medler* it doth beare,
Or else I thinke it neuer would come there.
Moreouer where it growes I finde it true,
It often turnes the *Herbe of Grace* to *Rue*.
Amongst all Pot-herbes growing on the ground,
Time is the least respected, I haue found,
And most abus'd, and therefore one shall see
No branch or bud of it grow neere this Tree:
For 'tis occasion of mans greatest crime,
To turne the Vse, into Abuse, of *Time*.
When Passions are let loose without a bridle,
Then pretious *Time* is turn'd to *Lone and Idle*:

And

The vertue of a Fayle, &c.

And that's the chiefeft reason I can show,
Why fruit so often doth on Tyburne grow.
There are inferiour Gallowses which beare
(According to the season) twice a yeare:
And there's a kinde of watrish Tree at Wapping,
Wheras Sea-theeves or Pirates are catch'd napping:
But Tyburne doth deserue before them all
The title and addition capitall,
Of Arch or great Grand Gallowsse of our Land,
Whilst all the rest like ragged Laqueyes stand;
It hath (like Luna) full, and change, and quarters,
It (like a Merchant) monthly trucks and barthers;
But all the other Gallowses are fit,
Like Chapmen, or poore Pedlers vnto it.
Thus Iayles and Iaylors being here explain'd,
How both are good, and for good vse ordain'd,
All sorts of Hanging which I could surmise,
I likewise haue describ'd before your eyes;
And further hauing shew'd what Tyburne is,
With many more inferiour Gallowses,
My pen from paper with this Praier doth part,
God bleffe all people from their sinnes depart.

F I N I S.

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